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The Year In Rhyme

1914

A National, Historical Poem

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1917

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THE YEAR IN RHYME

1914

JANUARY

In olden times on New Year's Eve,
Bell-ringing would begin,
Just as the old year passed away,
The new one coming in.

Watch-meetings now are often held
Upon that evening, too,
To see the old year pass away,
And welcome in the new.

That brings us January 1st,
A happy New Year's day,
For whatsoe'er the weather be,
Our hearts are light and gay.

'Tis celebrated everywhere
Throughout the universe,
By everybody, rich and poor,
According to their purse.

And by the natures they possess,
If generous and sweet,
They want to share their happiness,
With all the friends they meet.

The aged should be thought of first,
For they have borne the brunt,
And on the battle-field of life,
Stood ever at the front.

Let honor great be given them,
And theirs the highest place;
Let kindness always be their lot,
And every needed grace.

The young come next upon the list,
Their world is bright and gay,
And pleasures manifold are theirs,
Upon this holiday.

Although this season brings the snow,
And weather oft severe,
They love amusement out of doors,
And storms they do not fear.

And be they town or country folks,
They like the pleasant things,
The treats and entertainments, that
The winter always brings.

The wealthy city people have
The luxuries all the while,
Perhaps no better New Year's day,
Unless a finer style.

And many spend the afternoon
In making New Year's calls,
And then devote the evening to
Sleigh-riding, parties, balls.

But country-folks with simple tastes,
Enjoy this happy day,
In entertaining friends at home,
In quite a home-like way.

The day has been looked forward to
For many weeks, or more,
And now they gather 'round the hearth
And live the past all o'er.

And where can happiness be found
That is of greater worth,
Than in the home of childhood days,
The dearest place on earth?

'Tis not the wealth of city homes,
Of town, or village small,
But love is e'er the blessed bond,
The greatest thing of all.

The children have a joyous time, ,
Out-doors, with skates and sleds;
With so much fun they most forget,
Their suppers, and their beds.

In school except on Saturdays,
The time for sport, and tears
And when they have retired to rest,
Come Mother's home repairs.

The city people have so much,
To see and hear about,
And every evening of the week
The most of them are out.

The farmer has his pleasures, too,
As does the city man,
But makes them always, as a rule,
As home-like as he can.

With supper o'er, and choring done,
Beside the family stand,
A lighted pipe between his lips,
A paper in his hand,

He much prefers to being out,
E'en with his worthy mate,
To riding home from nearest town,
When hours are getting late.

The weather never stops the young,
And pleasures sweet and good,
They find with their companions 'round,
Within the neighborhood.

The business world is moving on,
With capital, no lack,
But at this season of the year,
There comes a little slack.

In certain trades, and kinds of work,
Where many are employed,
A respite from their labors now,
Will be by all enjoyed.

Some pleasures for the workers all,
Will do them good, we know,
A party or a theater,
Or moving-picture show.

But there are many now to whom,
Hard work would be a treat,
And sooner then to labor, they'd
Go short for bread and meat,

And spend their time in idleness,
Or, go upon a strike,
And then they would be apt to find,
More things they didn't like.

But in all places, large or small,
We find the worthy poor,
The honest and well-meaning ones,
Of them we're always sure.

They know the value of an hour,
The worth of every dime,
And can appreciate a friend,
And show it every time.

And he who will behave himself,
All times, and everywhere,
Though he have little in his purse,
By right, is millionaire.

From Southern states there always is
Shipped in about this time,
The products that cannot be grown
In any northern clime.

And in the markets are displayed,
And he who has the pelf,
Can get his living all the year,
From off the upper shelf.

For in the largest groceries,
With wonder we behold,
The finest fruits and vegetables,
Through all the winter's cold.

And since the country's settled up,
With railroads everywhere,
So many people journey south,
And spend the winter there.

And thus escape the blizzard's wrath,
The biting cold and storm,
And have a most delightful time,
In climate fine and warm.

To Florida so many go,
That land of fairest flowers,
And 'neath the palm trees they will spend,
The long and sunny hours.

Or to some seaport in the south,
On Gulf of Mexico,
Or on to California,
The wealthiest may go.

Through Pasadena they should pass,
And stop upon the way,
And see the martial show they have
Of roses, New Year's day.

This tournament of roses has
Been given, it appears,
At Pasadena, on this day,
For five and twenty years.

The climate is delightful, and
The soil so fertile, too,
Such great resources in the state,
And wondrous things to view.

The scenery so beautiful,
The mountains towering grand,
In all their might and majesty,
Forevermore to stand.

Pacific ocean on the west,
The great and mighty sea
Whose waters reach ten thousand miles,
And there will ever be.

We've seen that all the country 'round
Has rapidly progressed,
So some inventions we will name,
That can but interest.

* * * * *

A locomotive must be built,
And trains of cars be made,
And roads laid down to run them on,
Ere produce is conveyed.

First locomotive ever built
In England did appear,
Invented by George Stephenson,
In eighteen fourteen year.

The first in the United States,
Imported here from there,
Turned out to be of little use,
On our steel thoroughfare.

And in New York the next was made,
And known as "Charleston's Friend,"
In South Carolina it was used,
As owners did intend.

* * * * *

This was in eighteen thirty year,
And proved a great success,
And with the railroad going through,
The country must progress.

Five years thereafter could be seen
Some three and twenty roads,
And O'er a thousand miles of tracks,
And trains with heavy loads.

And after eighteen thirty-five,
About that time, or near,
An average of four hundred miles,
Was built up every year.

In '49 a road was built,
And finished up complete,
From New York into Boston Town,
That could by none be beat.

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Another road that would connect,
Chicago with New York,
Was built in eighteen fifty-three,
With great expense and work.

Another railroad had been planned,
That east and west might meet,
On tenth of May, in '69
'Twas finished and complete.

Let people celebrate the day,
And bells in triumph peal,
The oceans are connected by,
The mighty bands of steel.

* * * * *

Steam-engine was invented by
A Scotchman, named James Watt,
And the idea came to him
From steam, in a tea-pot.

It raised the lid and issued forth;
He saw a power in steam;
In later years he put in use,
His early boyhood's dream.

He gave his engine to the world,
A hundred years ago,—
Sometime in seventeen sixty year,
No date exact to show.

* * * * *

The steamboat was invented by
One Robert Fulton, who,
The "Clermont" built in eighteen seven,
A boat of good size, too.

And on the Hudson river made
His first successful trip,
With crowds of people on the banks,
To see the famous dip.

Though at that time it only sailed
About five miles an hour,
It proved to all the outside world,
That steam had mighty power.

* * * * *

And Franklin was of humble birth,
With need to toil and plod,
Yet made in seventeen forty-six,
His famous lightning rod.

In Boston city he was born,
A gifted boy and man,
And known through all the wide world, as
A great American.

* * * * *

The great Atlantic cable was
Samuel Morse's dream,
And one he thought to realize
Some future day, 'twould seem.

He wished to lay a cable through,
Upon the ocean bed,
To carry messages across,
That could be plainly read.

And thus to prove it could be done,
Experiments were made,
And neath the waves of New York bay,
A single wire was laid.

It was a big idea too,
And called a crazy notion,
To think a cable he could lay
Across Atlantic ocean.

This was in eighteen forty-two,
And proved a **great success,**
Then Europe to America,
He could connect,—Oh, yes!

Though his idea 'twas, yet Morse,
The mighty honor yields,
To him who put the cable through,
And that was Cyrus Fields,

Who was determined same as Morse,
The cable should be laid,
But not till August, '57,
The first attempt was made.

Two vessels then were started forth,
To prove what they could do,
Each carrying miles of cable, that
Would take them two-thirds through.

But all at once it snapped and broke,
And men were sad with doubt,
With half a million dollars spent,
And only three days out.

A second great attempt was made
In eighteen sixty-five,
And at their destination, then,
All thought they would arrive.

Great Eastern was the boat they used,
The largest steamer then,
But still the same mishap occurred,
The cable broke again.

When first it snapped all hearts were sad,
The second time it parted,
The great inventor of it was
Almost broken hearted.

She sailed again a year therefrom,
This time success to meet,
And on July, the twenty-seventh,
The cable was complete.

A great achievement had been made,
And every head was bowed,
And not a heart but rendered thanks,
In all that manly crowd.

* * * * *

Cyrus McCormick is the man
Who built the harvester,
And in that early day, of course,
No other kinds there were.

When two and twenty years of age,
In eighteen thirty-one,
He did perhaps as great a thing
As ever had been done.

Inventing for the farming class,
A wonderful machine,
For cutting all the grain that grows,
In all the country seen.

A reaper it was called at first,
And drawn by just one team,
It had not reached perfection yet,
But nearing that, 'twould seem.

A binding apparatus was,
Ere many years applied,
Then as self-binder it was known,
Which made its fame world-wide.

To operate successfully,
And make this binder pay,
Would need four horses that could cut
Ten acres in a day.

In forty-seven the company
Unto Chicago went,
And in a little time they had
A great establishment.

And manufactured their machines,
And sold them through the west,
For the McCormick did great work,
And always stood the test.

And fast as farmers could afford,
Each of them purchased one,
And in a quarter of the time,
Their harvesting was done.

A grand improvement 'twas indeed,
Upon the cradle, too,
That slow, old-fashioned article,
That broke their backs in two.

And on the ranches in the west,
Where everything is great,
There in the largest fields of grain,
These binders operate.

A thousand acres some may have,
With an enormous yield,
They cut the grain and thresh it out,
And sack it in the field.

With scores of men and horses, too,
At work by rise of sun,
For all are hustlers in the west,
And mighty things are done.

The rail-cars draw the grain away,
The ships upon the sea,
Then carry it to foreign ports,
To feed the world, you see.

If Daniel Webster was on earth,
And out there he would go,
He now might have an **onion patch**,
To raise a **peck or so.**

And others of our brainy men,
Who lived in olden times,
Saw not the possibilities,
Of that, then unknown clime.

The patterns on the market seen
Since thirty-one began,
Are many, but they all are built,
On the McCormick plan.

Where grain is raised in quantities,
And that's the world around,
The reaper from America,
Will evermore be found.

And it is estimated that
The number now, all told,
Three hundred thousand there are built,
And every year are sold.

* * * * *

William McKinley's day of birth,
Is known this month to be;
Born January, twenty-ninth,
In eighteen forty-three.

Ohio was his native state,
And Canton was his town,
And he was noted all his life,
For honor and renown.

Inaugurated March the fourth,
In eighteen ninety-seven,
In office, four years and a half,
The time in history given.

Assassinated at the fair,
At Buffalo 'twas done,
He died September, fourteenth day,
In nineteen hundred one.

* * * * *

We'd like to have a verse about
John Greenleaf Whittier;
To have him mentioned in this work,
All people would prefer.

In eighteen hundred seven was born,
In Massachusetts state,
A gifted poet he became,
And good as he was great.

Beloved by all Americans,
And all the world beside,
He lived a long and useful life,
At eighty-five he died.

* * * * *

The birthstones we will mention, too,
And what they represent,
Through all the many years of life,
By all the people spent.

So if a young man should desire,
With means to call his own,
Can set in his engagement ring,
His lady-love's birthstone.

The garnet is for January,
And constancy the trait,
A virtue that is known full well,
As one exceeding great.

FEBRUARY

And February now has come,
And deeper snow will fall,
The coldest and the roughest month,
But shortest of them all.

And blizzards will be coming down,
From somewhere near the pole,
Most any time of day or night,
And 'round our places stroll;

Thus making many of our homes,
Look like the queerest spot,
So that the owners scarcely know,
If they live there or not.

* * * * *

The second brings us Ground-hog day,
A name of Indian lore,
The people watch the weather close,
And glad when daylight's o'er.

They wish Old Sol could understand,
And not be shining out,
When that detested animal
Is anywhere about.

* * * * *

The third is given as the day,
Of Horace Greeley's birth,
In eighteen hundred and eleven,
A man of greatest worth.

A native of New Hampshire state,
And founder of that sheet,
The famous New York Tribune, that
For news could not be beat.

There're other noted people born,
In February, too,
For space, we cannot name them all,
So only give a few.

* * * * *

And now we come to Lincoln's birth,
Good Father Abraham,
Beloved as much by all the world,
As by our Uncle Sam.

Born February twelfth we know,
In eighteen hundred nine,
And one of nature's noblemen,
Whose light will ever shine.

A native of Kentucky state,
And spent his boyhood there;
In **pocket**, he was ever poor,
In **worth**, a millionaire.

He had a way of telling things,
Peculiarly his own,
And was the greatest diplomat,
The world has ever known.

'Twould take a volume to relate
His hardships, and his needs,
His worthy traits of character,
His honor and good deeds.

And if no others should be found
In what we know as heaven,
Lincoln will be there just as sure,
As six and one are seven.

Inaugurated March the 4th,
In eighteen sixty-one;
In office four years and a half,
And then his work was done.

On April fourteenth he was shot,
And died the fifteenth day,
Surrounded by a host of friends,
His spirit passed away.

And let all hearts be pure as his,
In principle not less,
And live the thoughts embodied in
His "Gettysburg Address."

* * * * *

The fourteenth of this month is called
St. Valentines', we know,
When through the mail, anonymous,
Some comic missives go.

An old-time custom it is said,
Although no date is placed,
To which the modern custom has
Undoubtedly been traced.

* * * * *

The next one is Longfellow's birth,
And mention it we may,
Was born in Maine, in 1807,
And on the fifteenth day.

* * * * *

And in this month, the fifteenth, too,
In eighteen ninety-eight,
The vessel Maine was blown up, at
Havana, we would state.

It was an insult to our flag,
And there was nought to gain;
This act with no apology,
Brought on our war with Spain.

* * * * *

We have a famous holiday,
A very noted one,
Upon the twenty-second day,—
The birth of Washington.

A general in the war we had
With England o'er the seas,
Because the colonists would not
Get down upon their knees.

And when the victory was won,—
King George's wrath all spent,
The people made George Washington,
Their first good president.

Eight years he was in office, too,
And served the people well;
Then to Mount Vernon he returned,
Where he so loved to dwell.

A native of Virginia state,
Born seventeen thirty-two;
Died, ninety-nine, and buried there
With all the honors due.

Americans will celebrate,
The twenty-second day,
Of February, every year,—
George Washington's Birthday.

* * * * *

The birthstone given for this month,
The amethyst will be,
The virtue that it represents,
Is named sincerity.

* * * * *

The first newspaper in this land,
Was printed 1704,
The "Boston News Letter" called,
And followed soon by more.

From eighteen thirty they increased,
In number and in size,
And soon received an impetus,
Through management most wise.

And in the year of '76,
The papers still were small,
Yet there were in the colonies,
Some thirty-seven in all.

First daily in United States,
The "Advertiser" named,
Was printed 1789,
And soon for news was famed.

But it was in another state,
And city far away,
And it was then the only one,
In Philadelphia.

* * * * *

We have the electric telegraph,
By Samuel Morse invented,
For quickly sending messages,
As he had long intended.

And congress did appropriate,
In eighteen forty-three,
The funds wherewith to build a line,—
A short one it would be;

From Washington first message went,
And on to Baltimore,
Upon the twenty-fourth of May,
In eighteen forty-four.

Professor Morse flashed o'er the wire,
The words, sublime in thought,
Unto his partner, Albert Vail,
"Lo, see what God hath wrought!"

The arc-light was invented first
In eighteen hundred, by
Sir Humphrey Davy, whom 'twas said
In chemistry stood high.

Inventing in his early life,
His noted safety lamp,
For miners' use, preventing thus
Explosions by fire-damp.

From other great discoveries, too,
Great reputation won,
And yet this English chemist died,
When only fifty-one.

The famous arc-light was improved,
In eighteen eighty year,
When carbon pencils came in use,
And were so well liked here.

* * * * *

There's a machine to add up, too,
Subtract and multiply;
Pascal, a Frenchman, it is claimed,
It was invented by.

Though several hundred years ago,
In sixteen forty-two,
Long used in the United States,
To prove what it can do.

* * * * *

The air-brake was invented in
Year eighteen seventy-two,
By one George Westinghouse, we learn,
And into favor grew.

A great invention this, also,
And known the country o'er,
On all the railroads has been used,
For forty years or more.

* * * * *

Invented was the telephone,
By Mr. A. G. Bell,
In eighteen hundred seventy-six,
A Scot, yet here did dwell.

A great invention, too, it is,
And so to all appears,
And in America been used
For six and thirty years.

And who would wish to do without
Good Mrs. Tellie Phone?
While she is staying in the house,
One never feels alone.

And although busy every day,
She does not care for that,
But rings your bell most any time,
To have a little chat.

And if a message you would send
Far-off, or just near by,
You speak to her, she'll send it on,
And wait for the reply.

Should one be taken ill at night,
In country, or in town,
Just let her know, and she will send,
A nurse and doctor down.

At times, perhaps, she'll gossip some,
But always does intend,
To be to every one about
A very useful friend.

For this invention all of us
Should ever-more be glad,
'Tis something that our ancestors
Have never seen or had.

* * * * *

Electric cars first came in use
In eighteen thirty-five,
Invented by one Davenport,
And seemed at first to thrive.

But in the year of '83,
The trolley, over head,
Invented by one Vanderpole,
Was mostly used instead.

* * * * *

Gottlieb Daimler, of Germany,
The motor-cycle made,
In eighteen hundred eighty-six,—
Been used for a decade.

* * * * *

The cotton gin or engine which
Is really the name,
Was invented by a man,
Of Massachusetts fame,—

Eli Whitney, who was born
In seventeen sixty-five,
A great inventor of that time,
And one who ought to thrive.

But lawless people robbed him of
His tools, and his machine,
Ere he could get a patent out,
Yet his success was seen.

A modern cotton gin will clean
Five thousand pounds a day,
A vast improvement it is o'er,
The slow, old-fashioned way.

* * * * *

The country now on every side,
Had rapidly progressed,
But still no railroad had been built
Into the far northwest.

Great Northern railroad was begun
In eighteen seventy-eight,
And finished up in ninety-seven,
To each northwestern state.

For opening up this country great,
And building railroads through,
To James Hill of Ontario,
All honor's surely due.

* * * * *

New York's the greatest city east,
Chicago in the west,
And trains run daily 'twixt the two,
The finest and the best.

The 20th Century Limited,
In eighteen hours will go,
Nine hundred and eleven miles,
The distance through, we know.

It is the best far-going train,
The strongest,—fastest one,
That runs in the United States,
Or elsewhere 'neath the sun.

* * * * *

In eighteen hundred ninety-six,
Professor Roentgen,—Swiss,
Discovered these, the great X-rays,
Or what is known as this.

He gave to them the name he bore,
And in these latter days,
They're known throughout the universe,
As Roentgen, or X-rays.

And this discovery of his,
Has made his fame world-wide,
Their use in surgery is great,
And often is applied.

* * * * *

Inventor of the phonograph,
Is Thomas Edison,
Of all those living at this time,
He is the greatest one.

In eighteen forty-seven was born,
Of humble parentage,
And early he began his work,
On life's most active stage.

More patents has he taken out,
Than any living man,
And from his boyhood has been called
A great American.

And on and up he worked his way,
And won himself a name,
And soon his great inventions brought,
Him fortune, friends and fame.

His incandescent lamp is used,
And is more widely known,
Than any other great inventions, that
Came from his hand alone.

And his kinetoscope is too,
A wonderful machine,
For throwing moving pictures on
A canvas or a screen.

At Orange, in New Jersey state,
Does this inventor dwell,
With many works established here,—
In foreign lands as well.

* * * * *

The kodak was invented by
The Eastman company,
In eighteen hundred eighty-eight,
And in America.

A good invention it was called,
And popular appears,
And in the market it has been,
For four and twenty years.

And it is just the finest thing
For travelers to use,
In taking pictures of their friends,
And getting post card views.

Everybody thinks them nice,
And they are so low in price,
All can have a lot of them,
Which they value as a gem.

Some good picture on a card,
For a friend that we regard,
With a loving message sent,
And a penny, all that's spent.

Such variety we find,
Rich and plain, and every kind,
Comic ones, and scenes of worth,
Come and go all o'er the earth.

Just a card to let us know,
Everything is thus and so;
How much easier and better,
Than to write the shortest letter!

May it never be its fate
To be reckoned out of date,—
From the public disappear,
To return no more,—Oh, dear!

* * * * *

The aeroplane's a great machine,
Its use is chiefly for,
Spying out the movements of
The enemy in war.

And never was it meant to be,
As useful as some others;
It was invented by the **Wrights,**
Inventors both, and brothers.

'Twas in December, 1903.
The first Wright aeroplane,
Made a flight into the air,
One minute to remain.

The flight was a successful one,
And their machine complete,
Though only went a distance of
Eight hundred fifty feet.

Eight years thereafter this biplane,
Flew o'er the continent,
Three thousand miles, from coast to coast,
And both men were content.

The first time it was used in war,
Was but two years ago,
When last a revolution was,
In land of Mexico.

The Curtis Biplane's said to be
The most successful known,
And at the present time it stands,
In excellence alone.

* * * * *

A mighty undertaking 'twas,
A tunnel to construct,
To carry water many miles,
And through an aqueduct,

To give unto Los Angeles
Supply of water pure,
Not only for the time, but while
The city should endure.

From Owens river it must come,—
Southeastern part of state,
Two hundred fifty miles away,
Through regions desolate.

Although impossible at first,
Did this great project seem,
The Water Board soon favored it,—
Fred Eaton's wildest dream.

To him at last the work was let,
And terms agreed upon,
The price that they would pay, and when,
The work should all be done.

The sum in million's he'd receive,
Should number twenty-three,
And in a space of five years' time,
Completed it should be.

Of all the dangers that were braved,—
Rock-blasting underground,
Five men were just the number killed,
In accidents, 'twas found.

A record was established for
Effieiency and care,
That in such undertakings vast,
Has not been known elsewhere.

Work was begun October 1st,
In nineteen hundred eight,
And finished five years and a fourth,
And thirteen days from date.

* * * * *

And have you ever heard about,
A small, but noted spot,
Where four states corner in this land,
And form a point or dot?

Utah and Colorado states,
Upon the map will show,
Just south is Arizona state,
Likewise, New Mexico.

To own a cabin on this spot,
With just what one might need,
And live in four states all at once,
Would be unique, indeed.

MARCH

And March in all the Northern states
Is always rough and cold,
With snowbanks lying all about,
For weeks we do behold.

But something better's close at hand,
So no one's feeling sad,
Because of melting snow and mud,
That makes the roads so bad.

There's now and then a pleasant day,
With sunshine nice and warm,
But if the weather's very fine,
It's sure to bring a storm.

* * * * *

That March the 4th's a noted day,
We ought to just recall,
When there has been a president
Elected in the fall.

And ceremonies grand are held
At Washington, D. C.,
And honors great are showered upon
Our ruler that's to be.

* * * * *

But all are busy at this time,
When weather will permit,
Just thinking out the season's work,
And duly planning it.

And auction sales are coming on,
And those who mean to move,
Are all in haste to have it o'er,
And so each day improve.

They have their summer's wood to cut,
Their maple trees to tap,
The gathering up from day to day,
And boiling down the sap.

There is a lot of work for all,
Within, and out the homes,
And then perhaps, all unawares,
An awful blizzard comes,

And tumbles everything about,
With damage great indeed,
And takes away our courage all,
Nor leaves enough for seed.

* * * * *

On Easter Sunday there was one,
In March a year ago,
And caused a great calamity,
Of which all people know.

Upon the 23rd of March,
In nineteen thirteen year,
At Omaha, Nebraska state,
There was a storm severe;

Just from the Easter services,
Near six o'clock p. m.,
The people had but reached their homes,—
And scarce had entered them,

When a tornado struck the place,
And tore its way right through,
Leveling buildings to the earth,
And ripping them in two.

It came from southwest o'er the hills,
And entering between,
It took a course northeasterly,
And out to the unseen.

So suddenly it did appear,
And demon-like its wrath,
That desolation, and grim death,
Lay all along its path.

The largest buildings toppled o'er,
That were the city's pride,
The smaller ones, not blown away,
In kindling lay beside.

For all the downpour of the rain,
Great fires would start anon,
The streets were full of tangled wires,
And night was coming on;

The crowds of people half insane,
Poured out in rain and sleet,
Their shrieks for help just made the scene,
Of horror most complete.

Though homes by hundreds were destroyed,
Yet it remained a fact,
The city's business section had
Escaped almost intact.

All this on Easter Sunday came
To lovely Omaha,
But Monday was the saddest day,
The people ever saw.

One hundred fifteen of them dead,
And hundreds injured, too;
Two thousand homes no longer would
As dwelling places do.

Eight million dollars, it was claimed
The monetary loss,
But those who still had life and friends,
Most humbly bore their cross.

Disaster on disaster came,
Though many wires were down,
The news of the Ohio floods,
Soon reached this stricken town.

It was but eight and forty hours
Since their distress occurred;
They were too sore to realize,
The awful news they heard.

Now water is a fearful thing
When it is uncontrolled;
This reservoir at Dayton would,
A billion gallons hold,

And all had thought this mighty dam
Too strong to e'er give way;
So safe and so reliable,
And thus would always stay.

And yet it broke on Tuesday morn,
And water rushing down,
With all the fury of a fiend,
Soon flooded all the town.

And water still kept pouring in,
And filling every street,
Until it reached a depth of ten,—
And then, a dozen feet.

Four rivers flowing to the south,
Had swollen with the rains,
And now their banks had overflowed,
And covered all the plains;

Thus causing dams to break away,
However strongly made,
And so this stricken city was
Obliged to call for aid.

Upon the river Miami,
So beautiful and wide,
Which drained the country all about,
Stood Dayton in its pride.

Above, two reservoirs were built,
Yet to the city nigh,
The larger one, the **Powerhouse**,
Was twenty-five feet high.

And when these dams had given way,
And let the waters out,
A lake seemed emptied on the town,
And covered all about.

The people in their flooded homes,
Seemed paralyzed with fear;
The waters rising foot by foot,
And death was drawing near.

And through that long and fearful night,
They waited, watched, and prayed,
That God would in his mercy send
Deliverance and air.

The lights were out, the wires were down,
And all was wretchedness;
No way to let the outside world
Know aught of their distress.

But soon as it was possible,
They sent a telegram
To Governor Cox, informing him,
Of breaking of the dam.

The waters still were rushing in,
In places very high,
But help by boatloads soon arrived,—
A wonderful supply,

For this and other flood-swept towns,
That numbered many score,
Came loads, and loads of useful things,
From all the country o'er.

And those escaping injury,
Were heroes, every one,
It was amusing just to see,
The deeds of kindness done.

Each sharing with his fellow-man,
His substance, great or small,
And thinking of the others good,
Not of himself at all.

The citizens of Dayton town,
Will ne'er forget that day,
The brotherhood established then,
Will last fore'er and aye.

Disasters great, and fearful floods,
In other cities were,
But Dayton was considered, as
The greatest sufferer.

And Zanesville on the Muskingum,
From floods was in distress,
With losses great, but of the two,
Her death-rate was the less.

Not only in Ohio, but
In Indiana too,
In Illinois and other states,
Great floods went roaring through.

Reports came in from other states,—
Too many of them all,
For us to give a fourth of them,
In this our pamphlet small.

A national calamity,
And aid the nation sent,
And means and sympathy poured in,
Donated without stent.

There also came a cablegram,
From England o'er the sea,
Expressing for the sufferers,
The utmost sympathy.

All knew they'd been in **direst** straits,
But no one would admit,
Though friends were lost, and homes were gone,
That they were crushed by it.

They'd go to work, and build again
The homes they could afford;
Renew their faith in Providence,
And trust and serve the Lord.

The loss of life in these two states,
Five hundred was or near,
Of property it was too much,
In numbers to appear.

The great inventions we have named,
Are certainly not all,
There are many very useful ones,
Although they may be small.

Let's call at any farmer's home,
And ask the good housewife,
To show what articles she has
To aid in daily life.

A washer she will show us first
For quickly cleaning clothes,
And then a fine new-fashioned iron,
For summer, we suppose.

She shows her separator, too,
That's some inventor's dream,
And just by turning of a crank,
Divides the milk and cream.

And from the latter, rich and sweet,
The finest butter's churned,
The pigs are glad of all the milk,
Which in the trough is turned.

She has a vacuum-cleaner now,
A carpet-sweeper, too,
And her refrigerator has
Some chilly work to do.

She has a large and handsome range,—
All housewives now have one,
The stove is surely out of date,
And all its work is done.

The match is an important thing,
Without a bit of doubt,
And our grandmothers did not dare
To let their fires go out,

Or in the morning they must go,
Perhaps a mile or more,
To get some coals, if they forgot
Their own to cover o'er.

This housewife will be glad to show
Her great supply of fruit,
Put up to keep in cans of glass,
In sizes that will suit.

Her cellar's cool in summer time,
In winter, warm enough
To keep her butter, fruit and eggs,
And all her garden stuff.

A floor of good cement it has
That can't admit a mouse;
And she may have a furnace, too,
For warming all the house.

A good machine for sewing has,
None better than the "Singer;"
And she may have a patent mop,
As well as a clothes-wringer.

She has the daily papers now,
With news the wide-world o'er,
And printed fast as things occur,—
And sometimes, long before.

She has her books and magazines,—
And time enough to read,
For so much clothing, ready-made,
Does lessen work, indeed.

She does not need to knit at all,
Stockings, mittens, socks;
And every day the mail is brought,
And left in storm-proof box.

And when she wants her evening light,
'Tis not a tallow dip,
With snuffers standing on a tray,
And grease upon the drip.

She has a fine and modern lamp,
For gas, or kerosene,
To stand upon, or hang above,
The table, with a screen.

She has a telephone, of course,
They're common now, we know;
And auto fine to ride out in,
When she may wish to go.

There are so many useful things
The housewife of today,
Now has to aid in doing work,
And making all things pay;

We've mentioned but a few of them,
There are a hundred more
That we could give, if there were time,
To only name them o'er.

But should she be dissatisfied
With what she has to do,
She might compare the times with those,
Of fourteen ninety-two.

* * * * *

Now let us take a walk out-doors,
And talk to her good man,
Who's working there in yonder field,
And doing all he can.

A manly fellow he appears,
Intelligent and kind;
His horses strong and steady are,
Not of the washboard kind.

Wire Fencing is the greatest thing,
He says, upon the farm,
To keep the stock where they belong,
And all the crops from harm.

He shows us what machines he has
To aid him in his toil,
And which he could not do without,
In cultivating soil.

Another great device he has,—
A wind-mill, only think!
For pumping water for the house,
And all the stock can drink.

His wide-tired wagon which at first,
The people laughed at so,
He wouldn't do a day without,
And others thought just so.

His reaper and his mower, too,
Hay-lifter, rake, and drag,
He spoke of modestly, enough,
But did not wish to brag.

He showed us, too, his sulky-plow,
And other kinds as good,
Cultivator, roller, drill,
To use whene'er he would.

Corn, and potato planters, that,
Just helped his work along,
Or he would get so far behind,
That all things would seem wrong.

And when potato digger's used,
Out fast the tubers come;
They're soon picked up and on the way,
To market, and the home.

His weeder is a useful thing,
To keep the weeds well down,
Until his crops are harvested
And ready for the town.

And what may be invented yet,
There is no way of knowing,
Some article, perhaps be found,
To keep the pests from growing.

There are machines for threshing grain,
Machines for cutting wood,
And daily papers always show,
When selling price is good.

So many things the farmer has,
Though some of them are small,
And more invented every year,
Within the reach of all.

He shares inventions in the house,
Reliable and new,
That very little cause he has
For ever feeling blue.

Though now and then a storm may come,
Sent by the weather-man,
To teach a lesson all should learn,—
A blessing, not a ban.

* * * * *

Could we attend the carnival,
The week preceding Lent,
They yearly have at New Orleans,
We'd think the time well spent.

They have a week's festivities,
So grand, and so unique,
And Mardi Gras Day is the last,
And closes up the week.

Although the month for holding it
Is always February,
And came this year the 24th,
The day will often vary.

Because of its location, and
Delightful out-door scenes,
There is no city in the world,
Compares with New Orleans.

Its water and filtration plants,
Gives water sweet and pure,
Its drainage system has reclaimed
All swamp-lands now, for sure.

The sewerage system is the best
In all the world today,
Discharging in the waters there,
From city far away.

A thousand things there are to name,
If we but had the time,
And then a thousand more there'd be,
Not given in this rhyme.

* * * * *

Now if a woman wants to vote,
We think she ought to do it;
She has the spirit, that we know,
Required to take her through it.

And all the notice she has had,
Through all her blessed life,
Has been the great big honor of
Being some man's wife.

And when her work is done, she must
Within her corner sit;
It's time that she came forth to show
Her worthiness and wit.

But let her post herself upon,
Whatever she should do,
Not vote the way her husband does,
Because he wants her to;

Inform herself on politics,
And what good voters know,
And not be influenced a bit,
When to the polls she'll go.

To have a voice in making laws,
If she wants to, she should,
And if she goes about it right,
She'll do a deal of good.

Her housework and her family,
She never need neglect;
To do her duties every day,
She always would expect.

And such a kind of suffragist,
She ought to be, and can,
And then her vote will be as good,
As that of any man.

* * * * *

The birthstone that we have for March
Is bloodstone, spotted red,
The virtue that it represents
Is courage, it is said.

APRIL

A curious custom's long prevailed,
Of playing little jokes,
Upon the first day of this month,
And making fools of folks.

The person thus imposed upon,
Is called an "April Fool;"
In France they'd call him "April Fish,"
And that would be the rule.

* * * * *

And April is a busy month,
And all are on the wing,
For winter then has passed away,
And just arrived is spring.

We all remember well the verse
That's in the poet's lay,
About the 21st of March,
But last year on that day,

We had a blizzard so severe,
That made it quite unfit,
For any bird to build a nest,
Or lay an egg in it.

And April has its squally times,
Though ten days later on,
We all expect good weather then,
For much is to be done.

And work is crowding every day,
And still keeps pouring in,
We know not what to go at first,
Or where we should begin.

* * * * *

And Easter Sunday came this year,
In April, on twelfth day,
And what it represents to us,
Is known full well, we say.

A few look at it as the time,
To buy an Easter hat,
While others see the risen Christ,
And Easter joys like that;

And in imagination sing,
The glorious news all o'er,
That Christ is risen from the dead,
To live forever more.

* * * * *

'Twas April 14th, '65,
The given time forsooth,
When Abraham Lincoln, president,
Was shot by John Wilkes Booth.

It was in Washington, D. C.,
At Ford's great theater,
That this most fatal deed was done,
That set the world astir.

And at the White House, too, he died,
Upon the following day,
But the remains were not interred,
Until the 4th of May.

From every nation on the earth,
Great condolence was sent,
To show their deep respect unto,
Our martyred president.

* * * * *

And 'twas on April, fourteenth day,
And nineteen twelve, the year,
That the "Titanic" ship was wrecked
By icebergs floating near.

When sailing at her greatest speed,
She crashed right into them,
In mid Atlantic or about,
At 10:15 p. m.

While on her maiden voyage, too,
This accident occurred,
So terrible, the like of which,
Has never yet been heard.

The boat was an enormous one,
Twelve million dollars cost,
Six hundred fifty people saved,
And fifteen hundred lost.

And more they might have rescued, but,
Just then no one could see,
That all the lifeboats were not filled,
To their capacity.

The women and the children first,
The rule is everywhere;
No man would step into a boat,
Till all of them were there.

The band was playing merrily,
The waves were on the dash,
The boat was speeding right along
When came the awful crash:

And yet the band kept playing on,
Through all that awful time,
Thus cheering all the passengers,
With music most sublime.

Amid the wailing of the crowd,
The frantic cries for aid,
Amid the heroism that,
By many was displayed,

The music poured its sweetest notes,
To cheer them to their graves,
Until the vessel disappeared,
Beneath the ocean waves.

And this occurred in nineteen six,
In April, eighteenth day,
Just as the morning light appeared,
Ere night had passed away.

The people still were in their beds,
Though after five o'clock,
And badly frightened they were when,
Awakened by the shock.

Some sleeping in the great hotels,
Upon the third floor, found,
That from the windows they could step
Right out upon the ground.

And like a thunder-bolt it came,
From out the clearest sky,
Without a single warning note,
Five hundred people die.

And homes were wrecked the city o'er,
And buildings fine and grand,
Were broken into kindling wood,
Or thrown about like sand.

The water-works were all destroyed,
And overthrown the wires,
And from the ruins all about,
Sprang up a hundred fires.

The people fleeing to the hills,
To thus escape its breath,
Were mangled by the falling bricks,
And many crushed to death.

As soon as ever people heard
Of their calamity,
Assistance came from every place,
Most lavish, and most free.

The loss in life and property,
Will ne'er in full be known,
But still like true Americans,
Defeat they would not own.

The city that they loved so well,
In blackened ruins lay,
That was so beautiful and grand,
Yea, only yesterday.

Prosperity would come again,
And for it they would wait;
They'd not give up their peerless bay,
Or glorious "Golden Gate."

* * * * *

As soon as ever April comes,
It's always sure to bring,
The baseball players to the front,
And start them on the wing.

And now there are three leagues that play
The major class of ball,
And all their doings are well known,
To people great and small.

The oldest is the National,
And founded in the year
Of eighteen hundred seventy-six,
Now well established here.

They opened up the season in
About the old-time way,
And played their first distinguished game
Last April, fourteenth day.

The second's the American,
And so we will relate;
They've played for nearly fourteen years,
First season's game,—same date.

The third one is the Federal league,
And it is greatly prized;
In spring of nineteen thirteen year,
Was duly organized.

Although it was their season first,
A record great they made,
One hundred twenty games, 'tis said,
Were scheduled, and were played.

Baseball's a game that's excellent,
And now it has attained
A character that's national,
And much is to be gained.

And there are leagues professional,
That by the dozens play,
Throughout the season, witnessed by
Spectators every day.

All colleges, and high schools, too,
Now have their baseball teams,—
On every vacant city lot,
Their games are played, it seems.

And every urchin on the street,
Knows all concerning it,
And daily is developing,
His muscle, and his wit.

Baseball requires a steady hand,
A fleetness, too, of foot,
And players ne'er get rattled when,
Opponents shout or "root."

And everyone's acquainted with
Their harmless baseball slang,
And keep informed of all the ways,
And doings of the gang.

All players understand the rules,
And each one knows his place,
And is protected from all harm,—
His hands, his chest, and face.

And for success in anything,
The same good rule applies;
Each one must have a fitness for
The place he occupies.

A spirit strong to do and dare,
Needs every baseball man,
And such a spirit's born right in
The real American.

The baseball fans will sit within
The grand stand's pleasant shade,
And roast the umpire and the men,
Whene'er an error's made.

And on the bleachers they will sit,
And peck him all day long,
Let his decisions on the game
Be either right or wrong.

And his position at the best,
A hard one is to fill,
To please the players of both teams,
And others if he will.

Some of the common sayings to
The umpire are about,—
"Get him a pair of glasses," or,
"He's rotten, throw him out!"

And those who work throughout the week,
And yet are baseball fans,
Will get at all the Sunday games,
The pleasures that they plan.

And every evening nearly all,
Upon their homeward way,
Will stop downtown and get the news,—
The baseball dope each day.

The news of all the different games,
Of various leagues are sent,
By a machine, the "ticker" called,
And for the scoreboard meant.

Of course it's in the dailies too,
Which they can read at home,
And yet so many gather here,
That others like to come.

They rather get their news this way,
An argument to have,
And if they get too sore they can,
Rub on a little salve.

We'll give the pennant winning teams,
Of leagues that number ten,
Some time in the October month,
The season closing then.

* * * * *

The automobile history states
In France did first appear,
Invented by Monsieur Cugnot,
In seventeen seventy year;

But different from most autos now,
For it was run by steam,
Therefore steam-carriage it was called,
And long 'twas used, 'twould seem.

In eighteen hundred eighty four,
In Germany was seen,
Another kind of motor car,
Propelled by gasoline.

Invented by a German there,
Gottlieb Daimler by name,
Who gained a fortune there's no doubt,
As well as honest fame.

Not till the year of ninety-nine,
In the United States,
Were used the large expensive ones,
Or those of lower rates.

But now the finest ones are out,
On all the pleasant days,
Throughout the country everywhere,
On good, and poor highways.

Some of the leading ones we'll name,
The Packard, Overland,
The Maxwell, Hudson, Chandler, and
Pierce-Arrow car so grand.

Of many others we could speak,
And give them by the score,
Which bring two thousand dollars quick,
Some less, and some bring more.

* * * * *

This was last April, 21st,
As daily papers show,
The time our soldier boys were sent,
To guard near Mexico.

The Mexicans had done us wrong,
Shown insult to our flag,
Abused a number of our men,
And justice seemed to lag.

And for their cruel conduct, they,
Would not apologize,
And so a battle must be fought,—
Could not be otherwise.

Seventeen Americans were killed,
In standing for our rights,
With Mexicans who like to be
In skirmishes, and fights.

They lost two hundred of their men,
And lost their city, too,
And future time will plainly show,
What more they mean to do.

* * * * *

Dame Fashion is a mistress hard
Unto her devotees.
Though claiming she's a friend to them,
And dearly loves to please.

She tells them all what they must wear,
And picks the pattern out,
And if she only said the word,
Some would go bare, no doubt.

She gives them all a hat to wear,
From Paris brought this spring,
It's down before, and up behind,
And looks like everything.

She puts a gown upon their backs,
With skirt so scant and small,
It must be parted to the knee,
For them to move at all.

If they were near a wagon road,
And were obliged to take it,
To get from mouse or rattle-snake,
We wonder how they'd make it!

She makes their shoes so narrow, too,
With heels so mighty high,
Some of them look as if they thought,
They were about to fly.

She has a kingdom all her own,
Her subjects all are swell,
And they obey her every word,
And never do rebel.

Her slaves are not all feminine,
Both sexes they include,
The butterfly, and summer girl,
The dandy, and the dude.

No comfort does she give to them,
But mars each form and feature,
And so we say we think she is,
A very unkind creature.

* * * * *

I've thought about it quite a lot,
And said if I was boss,
I'd cut America in two,
And build a ditch across.

I know it could be done in time,
And sure as I am born,
There ought to be a shorter way,
Than that around the Horn.

The French they tried it years ago,
And used up all their cash,
Then threw their honesty away,
And all things went to smash.

The British wanted, too of course,
A finger in the pie,
But no canal they ever built,
And years went rolling by.

Some wealthy companies have tried,—
One did obtain a grant,
Led by Cornelius Vanderbilt,
Who never said, "I can't."

Two million dollars soon were spent,
But little that could do,
They got discouraged, gave it up,
And let the thing fall through.

At last the French they offered me,
All of their interest there,
If forty millions I would pay,
And call the bargain square.

I paid the sum in 1904,
Upon the 4th of May,
Which closed the question in dispute,
Forever and for aye.

In 1915 people want
In San Francisco, Cal.,
A Fair to be in honor of
The Panama Canal.

A mighty thing it's going to be,
And it will take a while,
To put it through and finish it,
As well as cost a pile.

From Panama to Colon town,
This great canal will go,
Some six and forty miles across,
Will be its length, we know.

And now as I'm the manager,
I'll push the work ahead,
And if the Lord will favor me,
I'll do as I have said.

And have it finished up by fall,
Of nineteen thirteen year,
And all completed by the time,
The fair will open here.

For all the world is coming then,
And will be here to see,
The greatest thing that has been done,
Or ever going to be.

* * * * *

The birthstone given for the month,
The diamond is named,
And what it represents to us,
Innocence is claimed.

* * * * *

On April 30th of this year,
Two people were made one,—
Vincent Astor of New York,
And Helen Huntington.

* * * * *

And now that spring has really come,
Screen-doors must go up soon,
For unto all the family,
They are a blessed boon.

And such a source of comfort are,
That every good housewife,
Will say inventor ought to get,
A pension all his life.

The screens will keep the flies outside,
Away from every dish,
And being cheap, the poor can have,
As many as they wish.

For windows, too, as well as doors,
As nothing will compare
With them, for keeping insects out,
And letting in the air.

And could we learn inventor's name,—
But at this time we can't,
Yet if we had the power, we would,
A pension to him grant.

MAY

It is a lovely month indeed,
In any state or clime,
And every one expects to have,
A most delightful time.

Young folks have tho't it o'er for weeks,
And settled on the way,
In which they would enjoy themselves,
Upon this happy day.

And when the weather's nice and warm,
It really is a treat,
A blessing to be out of doors,
With all things fresh and sweet.

Young ladies have their parties, too,
And children gather flowers,
All happy as the singing birds,
They spend the pleasant hours.

Perhaps they dance around a pole,
As English lassies do,
Or they may have some newer games,
And like them better, too.

And maybe choose some pretty girl,
All dressed in white array,
A favorite among them all,
To be their "Queen of May."

Whatever pleasures for the young,
The season has to give,
Will be remembered by them all,
As long as they may live.

* * * * *

Trout fishing season opens now,
And if the day is fine,
The men and boys will spend the day,
In using hook and line;

And city men who like the sport,
Will early leave the town,
And on the banks of every stream,
Will gather up and down.

And what an appetite they have,
When that most tempting fish,
Upon the supper table comes,
A well-cooked savory dish.

Of course, there's many yarns to spin,
Upon that fishy day,
But all the whoppers that they catch,
Are sure to get away.

Each noted angler in the land,
Will tell his biggest tale,
But then, there isn't half the fun,
When good fish stories fail.

The farmers like the sport as well,
But still the fact is clear,
There's so much work they need to do,
At this time of the year.

His better-half is cleaning house,
And some are in a fit,
Because disorder reigns, they think
They have the worst of it.

But let a neighbor bring them in,
A liberal mess of fish,
They are themselves again at once,
And nice as one could wish.

* * * * *

It was in May, the twenty-ninth,
"Empress of Ireland" sank,
Collided with a boat just off
St. Lawrence river's bank.

She was a large, luxurious ship,—
A palace all afloat,
When in a fog, so dense, was struck,
By "Collier Storstad" boat.

Was homeward bound from Canada,
With passengers aboard,
Some thirteen hundred sixty-seven,
And all provisions stored.

Just off a cape, called "Father Point,"
At half past two, a. m.,
When struck by the Norwegian boat,
Which backed away from them.

She sank in fifteen minutes' time,
With all her precious freight,
Though help came soon as possible,
For some it was too late.

And many children were on board,
Of infant age, and more,
And all were having joyous times,
Only the day before.

A playground had been given them,
As children have on land,
And they amused themselves for hours,
By playing in the sand.

The parents watching all their sport,
Not dreaming danger nigh,
But ere the morning sun arose,
Were many called to die.

One thousand four and twenty lives,
Were lost that fearful night,—
And sank beneath the billowy deep,
Some hours before daylight.

* * * * *

We'll mention now the noted Fairs;
The first one, too, will be,
The World's Fair at Chicago, in
Eighteen ninety-three.

* * * * *

At Buffalo, in New York state,
In nineteen hundred one,
There was a great and mighty fair,
The Pan-American.

To show the progress there had been,
And what was under way,
In all republics of our land,
In great America.

It opened 20th of May,
And closed November 2nd;
Expense, ten million dollars was,
When it was duly reckoned.

* * * * *

The Louisiana Purchase Fair,
In nineteen hundred four,
Which opened in the month of May,
To last the season o'er;

Was at St. Louis city held,
In good Missouri state,
The second largest World's fair, too,
Then given up to date.

In celebration of the time
One hundred years ago,
When all that land was bought from France,
By Uncle Sam, you know.

And twenty million dollars, too,
The cost was said to be,
Before the gates were opened by
The board, or company.

* * * * *

And the Alaska-Yukon fair,
In nineteen hundred nine,
Held at Seattle, Washington,
Was just as grand and fine.

To show the world the wonders of
The country, north and west,
Of Oregon and Washington,
Alaska with the rest.

The wealth that was exhibited,
By that great territory,—
The gold output, and fisheries,
Would tell a truthful story.

* * * * *

The Colony's another thing,
That is a wondrous sight,
And it has grown about as fast,
As mushrooms over night.

It is in California state,
And westward toward the shore,
And from the Pacific ocean is
Some forty miles or more.

And E. G. Lewis founded it
Some fourteen months ago,
And 'tis to be all finished up,
Before the winter's snow.

There's three and twenty thousand, too,
Of acres in the land,
That Mother Nature's fertilized,
And done the work by hand.

And Mr. Lewis and his friends,
Are doing all the rest,
The grounds made beautiful, indeed,
And buildings are the best.

Now, all the world is going to
The Panama great fair,
And to the Colony will go,
When they are nearly there.

And wealthy people who can have
The beautiful, and grand,
May want to buy and settle there,
Which will delight us, and

Increase the circulation of
The "Woman's Weekly," for,
Mr. Lewis will remain
Its able editor.

He sent the Peace Ambassadors,
A year ago this May,
To the Congress, at the "Hague,"
And on their homeward way,

He offered them a pleasant tour,
Through Europe, which they made,—
Seventeen women of them all,
And their expenses paid.

* * * * *

Lift up your voices unto Him,
Ye people, everywhere,
Who answers in His own good time,
Each earnest, heartfelt prayer.

Ask for the boon on bended knee,
That war shall ever cease,
And that the world be folded 'neath,
The angel wings of peace.

And let your works be seen of men,
Your faith be always strong,
And right will prosper in the end,
And triumph over wrong.

* * * * *

Eleanor Wilson of White House,
This day is married to,
That famous tunnel-builder, named
William McAdoo.

* * * * *

The birthstone is the emerald,
For lovely month of May;
It represents success in love,
For which all hope and pray.

* * * * *

Progression, too, has turned its back
On the old-fashioned almanac,
And given us the calendar,
Worth twenty of them, as they were.

How much they are admired by all,
And look so well upon the wall,
Of use and ornament combined,
And can be company, we find.

Some lovely ones we have, indeed,
With figures large that all may read,
How time is passing, day by day,
And weeks are speeding on their way.

The changes of the moon we get,
Tells when the sun will rise and set;
The Sabbath days in red are shown,
And holidays by color known.

The plainer ones are given free,
As adverttisements ought to be,
And thankful, too, all of us are,
For any kind of calendar.

There's such variety each year,
Ere Christmas comes they all appear,
And many good enough to send,
As present to some worthy friend.

A lesson from it we may learn,
That time will go, but not return,
And when we clip the final leaf,
We think the year has been most brief.

And could we learn inventor's name,
And date of birth, we'd write the same;
A public benefactor, he,
And famous he had ought to be.

* * * * *

The poem that we're writing now,
Would not be called complete,
Without a mention of the bird,
With scratchers on her feet.

She is a good American,—
A hustler every day,
But then, her busiest time, we know
Is in the month of May.

As soon as e'er the snow is gone,—
Some earlier in the spring,
Her sign is out to let you know,
That she is on the wing.

And when the weather's getting warm,
She'll show you she is able,
To lay a lot of eggs for you,
And thus supply your table.

And if you do not see her scratch,
Where things are not so nice,
The eggs will taste most awful good,
However high the price.

She's going where she wants to go,
As sure as you are born,
No matter what you shovel out,
As feed, in wheat or corn.

You drive her from your garden patch,
A hundred times, and then,
You just look out, and there she is
A scratching there again.

Long-headed as a lawyer, she,
And we will gve a dime,
If she don't get the best of you,
And every single time.

And when she has a family,
For which she must provide,
She just wants every foot of earth,
Wherever you reside.

She is the most persistent thing,
That ever walked the ground,
But if we have the eggs, we must
Just have the hens around.

And eggs are liked by every one,
At any time or place,
So let us take the scratching with,
The very best of grace.

And try and make the best of it,
For hens are like the weather,
It always comes and goes in streaks,
The good and bad together.

And when Thanksgiving day arrives,
And Christmas is at hand,
Some roasted chickens on our board,
Will make the dinner grand.

* * * * *

There was an automobile race,
At Indianapolis,
Upon the 30th of May,
And we must mention this.

The race was just five hundred miles,
With thirty entries made,
But only twelve cars finished it,
In colors all arrayed.

Rene Thomas drove a Delage car,
And was the man to win,
And then in seven minutes more,
Arthur Duray drove in.

And Albert Guyot was the third,
The checkered flag to get,
And Jules Goux finished fourth place,—
Ahead of Oldfield yet.

And Barney Oldfield was the fifth,
But first American,
To finish up, and he is known
As famous auto man.

The Frenchmen won the auto race,
Their victory was complete;
100,000 speed fans watched,
United States' defeat.

There were no serious accidents,—
Some broke a bone or two,
But no one gave a thought to it,
They had too much to do.

For when a fellow's speeding in,
A flying auto-bile,
He woudn't know if he was hurt,
Or have the time to feel.

* * * * *

The veterans of the Civil War,
Our notice now must claim,
For each one is entitled to
A share of honest fame.

They fought our battles in the South,
When Southern states seceded;
Into the Union brought them back,
And gave them what they needed.

Each side, no doubt, had been in fault,
And learned its lesson well,
But all the suffering that was caused,
Will e'er in memory dwell.

And our beloved Lincoln was
Victorious in the strife,
And then by hand of Southerner,
He lost his noble life.

And every year we decorate,
On thirtieth of May,
The graves of soldiers who have worn
Blue uniforms, or gray.

And those who fell on Cuban soil,
That lovely isle to free,
Shall share our flowers so beautiful,
And e'er remembered be.

And those who died at Vera Cruz,
In far-off Mexico,
Shall have all honor shown to them,
As long as flowers shall grow.

The ladies of the Southern states,
Today are strewing flowers,
Upon the Southern soldiers' graves,
And do the same with ours.

The custom started in the South,
Ere war had passed away,
Of decorating soldiers' graves,
Sometime in month of May.

A day has been appointed since,—
The 30th is the time,
A holiday to be observed,
In every state and clime;

And all the people keep it now,
Where'er their loved ones lie,
A floral offering is brought,
As every year goes by.

A patriotic order this,
We do not need to state,
And organized in Illinois,
In eighteen sixty-eight,

And every reader can but know
What it was founded for,—
In memory of the Union men,
Who died in Civil War.

Also to aid the needy ones,
Disabled in the strife,—
The widowed, and the fatherless,
Made so by loss of life.

They have encampments every year,
All glad to meet once more,
And 'round their camp-fires tell their tales,
And live the old days o'er.

Their membership, so large at first,
By nineteen hundred five,
Their numbers had diminished so,
Scarce half were then alive.

From history of the G. A. R.,
The facts are given here,
Their deaths are said to be about,
Nine thousand every year.

Come kindred and people, again let us meet,
In this home of the dead with blossoms so sweet,
Though hearts may be aching, and tear drops will fall,
'Tis Memorial day, and sacred to all.

In this acre of God the world is shut out,
All is peaceful and holy, and beauty about;
Here asleep are our friends 'neath the green of the spring,
And the tributes of love that yearly we bring.

Each of us has someone whose name we hold dear,
Who has gone from the household, and now lieth here,
A mound that we care for, and cover with flowers,
Because it containeth a loved one of ours,

Their presence surround us whene'er we draw nigh,
To garland with beauty the graves where they lie,
Their voices we hear from the home of the blest,
And seem to be saying, "Come hither and rest."

Once more we live over the days that are past,
That were full of enjoyment,—too happy to last,
Before the sad parting, when day turned to night,
And dear ones were stricken and borne from our sight.

Though in form they lie here 'neath the bloom and the sod,
In spirit they dwell in the city of God,
At home with the Father, and near to their Lord,
Is better than anything earth can afford.

JUNE

And lovely June is here at last,
With all its long bright hours,
Its bird-song, and its greenery,
Its sunshine, and its flowers.

And now and then we have a day,
That really seems too warm,
And then we're very apt to get,
A good old thunder-storm,

And cools the air so suddenly,
That down the mercury goes,
And then Jack Frost comes strolling 'round,
And steps upon our toes,

And lays a finger on some plants,
That will not bear his touch,
And just a little on some things,
Will always be too much.

Some days this month the mercury stood
One hundred in the shade,
But was not followed by the shower,
For which the people prayed.

And very warm it was, indeed,
For many a night and day,
And dust was dreadful to behold,
On every main highway.

No rain for weeks, and with this heat,
Some crops will soon be lost,
And on the 16th of the month,
We had a little frost;

And thus it often comes about,
For certainly it seems,
That Mother Nature does delight,
To go unto extremes;

And yet the rain is holding off,
That is so needed now,
To save the crops for which we've toiled,
With warm and sweaty brow.

But let us daily hope and pray,
That rain will come ere long,
And so abundantly that all,
Will sing a gladsome song.

The children now are out of school,
And will be many a week,
But there are schoolrooms out of doors,
They will be glad to seek.

And many lessons they will have,
That are not taught in schools,
And teachers, if they will but pay
Attention to their rules,

And from the schools and colleges,
Throughout this gracious land,
There will be many graduates,
Among this gifted band;

And let us say a word or two,
You will some day recall,
That with diplomas in your hands,
You do not know it all.

You're going out into the world,
Whichever way you turn,—
However long you live, you'll find
A thousand things to learn.

You have an education now,
Or so it surely looks,
But there's a knowledge to be gained,
That is not found in books.

This country has the best of schools,
And those of lower station,
Can have an equal chance with rich,
To get an education,

And when the studying has been done,
And knowledge is acquired,
And the position gained for which,
You have so long aspired,

Remember that it is but right,
To help another on,
To gain the end, which all of you,
With other's aid, have won.

The children and the grown-ups, too,
Such pleasures always take,
Attending picnics that are held
Near by some lovely lake;

They like to go with hook and line,
Out in a trusty boat,
And get some fish, and lilies, too,
That on the waters float;

And to some fairy island go,
Away from everywhere,
And in their pretty fig-leaf suits,
Just play the mermaid there.

And pleasures manifold are theirs,
For they are young, and strong,
And in the Good Times factory,
Have lived, their whole lives long.

Each year the Sunday schools all have,
What's known as Children's Day,
When flowers are plentiful and fine,—
Some time in June, we say.

They decorate the churches then,
With boughs of green and flowers,
And with the exercises held,
They pass the pleasant hours.

And though the children take a part,
In all such scenes as this,
They like to go to shows that come,
And think there's naught amiss;

And there is much that can be learned,
As everybody knows,
At the Ringling Brothers' and
The Barnum-Bailey shows.

There are so many wondrous things,
For kids to see and hear,
That they can't be content at home,
Whene'er these shows appear.

* * * * *

'Twas June the 8th of present year,
When the "Alliance" ship,
Passed through the Panama Canal,
Upon her testing trip.

To prove her locomotive was,
One of the very best,
Of the electric touring ones,
Was why she made this test.

That being one that will convey,
The larger vessels through,
When the canal shall open up,
At time of grand review.

The test was a successful one,
It took ten hours we learn,
And thirty minutes' time to go,
The same for its return.

* * * * *

Just go to Portland, Oregon,
If pleasure you would seek,
The Festival of Roses will
Be given there this week.

They're having it the present year,
Upon the 9th of June,—
The program states it will begin,
On Tuesday, and at noon.

And invitations have been sent
To people all around,
To come and see their lovely flowers,
That everywhere abound;

They're celebrated o'er the land,
And it is widely known,
No finer place was ever found,
Where roses can be grown.

They have an annual Festival,
The 8th one this, all right,
Four days of pleasure, unalloyed,
And close on Saturday night,

Beginning with a carnival,
On river Willamette,
With races of the motor boats,—
The highest speed they get,

A never-tiring feast of life,
The next three days will bring,
While thousands of the visitors,
Will be upon the wing.

Parades will be most wonderful,
And take you all by storm,
When all the marchers you behold,
In brightest uniform.

The ladies in the lovely floats,
A smile on every face,
And taking several hours to pass
A given point or place.

And with their queen beside them there,
Miss Thelma Hollingsworth,
They'll feel as happy, and as proud,
As any on the earth.

They've had a king in other years,
This time they took a vote,—
A queen elected, who with maids,
Will have the finest float.

And hundreds of the autos trimmed,
With roses rich and fine;
The boxes laden with the bloom,
And flowers the wheels entwine.

Vehicles there of every kind
That ever has been seen,
Bedecked with roses beautiful,
And mixed with sprays of green.

The horses and their harnesses,
All decorated too,
The happy people cheering loud,
As they go marching through.

The floats will carry pretty girls,
Who will be dressed in white,
And at the thousands on the walks,
Throw roses, left and right.

And they, with hands so full of them,
Will gaily hurl them back,
For there's enough for every one,
And never any lack.

Thus will begin in merry glee,
The Battle of the flowers,
While laughing people march along,
Through all the sunny hours.

The children will enjoy themselves,
Though having it each year;
There always will be something new,
For them to see and hear.

Of all the doings there will be,
They'll get the fullest measure,—
About a day devoted to
Their interest and pleasure.

Perhaps the greatest spectacle,
E'er seen at any place,
Is given on the program, as
The wondrous balloon-race,

In which a half a dozen of
Enormous bags of gas,
Will soar from Portland o'er Northwest,
A dangerous feat, alas!

Another of the greatest things,
(And nothing will be small),
Is the **Electrical parade,**
That will outshine them all.

And this magnificent display
Will be on Saturday night,
To close the mighty festival,
The city's chief delight.

And other features there may be,
As several have been planned,
For their resources are so great,
With means at their command,

And Portland's citizens are glad,
As well as justly proud,
To show their hospitality
To all that happy crowd.

They love their city, and their homes,
So beautiful and fair,
Where roses in perfection grow
For poor, and millionaire.

The climate so delightful is,
The soil the richest, too,
The biggest crops of everything
Are grown the season through.

And daily from the Willamette
There comes a gentle breeze;
And in the distance can be seen
The grand, majestic trees.

And toward the eastward is Mt. Hood,
In purple sunlight dressed,
In silence standing, looking on,—
An ever loyal guest.

And to the west the ocean lies,
The great Pacific shore,
Its waters blue outstretching for
Ten thousand miles or more.

* * * * *

On July 11th of this year,
In Madrid city, Spain,
A couple thought that they would wed,
More happiness to gain.

Miss Belle Willard was the bride,
A very brilliant one,
And Kermit Roosevelt the groom,
The Colonel's noted son.

* * * * *

Birthstone for June the agate is,
And represents long life,
And that is what we hope they'll have,
This happy man and wife.

* * * * *

And 'twas in June the 13th day,
Some honors thus to snatch,
That England and United States
Played their first polo match.

At Meadowbrook, Long Island, 'twas
Thus near New York to be,
The English winning by a score,
Eight and one-half to three.

A second match was played there, too,
Upon the sixteenth day,
The English winning yet again,
And eager still to play.

First match was played in '86,
In eighteen hundred year;
Thus far there has been thirteen games,
Though not all dates appear.

England has won some six of them,
United States one more,
And in the future they may play
Enough to make a score.

* * * * *

On June fifteenth of 1904,
The General Slocum boat,
Was burned on an excursion trip,
Near New York bay, we'll note.

More than a thousand lives were lost,
Upon that pleasure ride,
And they were women mostly, too,
Their children by their side.

They were connected with St. Mark's,
A German church quite grand,
And under whose directions the
Excursion had been planned.

* * * * *

Bass season opens June 16th,
In many states, we know,
Where inland lakes are numerous,
The fishermen will go.

And some will have no luck at all,—
The gift they don't possess;
They might go fishing every day
And never catch a mess.

And some who have a taste for it,
And know when signs are right,
Then every time their lines are thrown,
They're sure to get a bite.

They tell their stories as they fish,
And until night will stay,
Then take the small ones home to cook,
But big ones got away.

* * * * *

Upon the sixteenth day of June,
In nineteen hundred three,
There was established at Detroit,
Ford Motor company.

And by September thirtieth,
Some fifteen months from date,
The cars they manufactured there,
Were seventeen hundred eight.

The Highland Park establishment,
At Detroit city, Mich.,
Could build two hundred fifty thousand,
Each year, if they should [illegible] wish.

Besides this one,—the parent plant,
Where there's a grand display,
They've one at Ford, Ontario,
In Lower Canada.

The factory at Ford alone,
As in their lists we see,
For five and twenty thousand cars,
It has capacity.

They have a plant at Manchester,
In far-off England, too,
That turns out many thousand cars,
And business great they do.

It's claimed that in their factories,
And branches, three times ten,
Ford Motor company employs,
Some twenty thousand men.

And in the month of April last,
With spring right on the way,
Eleven hundred seventy cars
Were built each working day.

And now in business they have been,
Eleven years, all told,
Five hundred thirty thousand cars,
Have by this firm been sold.

The Ford's the universal car,
So durable and strong,
And let the roads be what they may,
It travels right along.

And when it starts for any place,
There surely 'twill arrive,
And always can accommodate,
A company of five.

And should it get into the mud,
It will not flounce and kick,
Or make a turtle of itself,
But walk out, straight and quick.

So many useful features has,
And is so low in price,
That all the common people think
The Ford is **very nice.**

It is considered here today,
One car in every three,
On all American highways,
A **Ford** must surely be.

And when additions under way,
Shall be complete, they grant,
That sixty acres of floor space,
Will be within their plant.

And Henry Ford's admired by all,—
His profit-sharing plan,
Contains a principle most fine,
Inherent in the man.

* * * * *

And motor-trucks are now employed,
By business people, too,
To do the work in every town ,
That horses used to do.

The fire department uses them,
For they can quicker go,
Than with their horses that were trained,
To almost fly, we know.

And every one who can afford,
Now has a motor car,
To go on business in the towns,
Let it be near, or far.

For now they go in half the time,
And the expense is less,
And then the novelty counts some,
And gives more happiness.

The horses, too, are better off,
Away in pastures green,
Than in the city stables, where,
No grass is ever seen.

And drivers often are so rough,
When horses do not mind,
That to their beasts some men are not,
And Edison is working for,

And Edison is working for
Conditions like to this,
To have the horses in horse-heaven,
Where they can share its bliss.

* * * * *

From Salem, Massachusetts state,
The news has reached us here,
About the fire, which thus far seems,
The largest of the year.

It started in the district where,
So many factories are,
And soon increasing in its strength,
It spread out wide and far.

'Twas on the twenty-fifth of June,
And lasted all that day,
And all the next before they could,
Its ravages withstay.

The loss as estimated, will
Twelve million dollars be,
And one big plant was all destroyed,
"Steam Cotton company."

JULY

July came in on Wednesday morn,
At twelve o'clock a. m.,
And found the people talking all
The rest afforded them.

The night had been most warm, indeed,
And likewise was the day,
And dust on all the lawns around,
Had changed the green to gray.

And all were hoping for the rain,
That seemed for reason good,
To be withheld some longer yet,
By us not understood.

* * * * *

It was in eighteen eighty-one,
On second of July,
James Garfield, our good president,
Was shot, but did not die,

Until September, nineteenth day,—
A patient sufferer, he,
And passed away upon that date,
At Long Branch, New Jersey.

He was assassinated in
A Washington depot,
On Baltimore, Potomac road,
Fy Frenchman, Charles Guiteau,

Who had no cause for the attack,
But disappointment met,
In seeking for an office, that,
He found he couldn't get.

And he was tried and hanged in June,
Of the succeeding year,
With not a friend to mourn his death,
Or hold his memory dear.

Garfield was second president
Struck by assassin's hand;
His noble spirit now has joined
The martyred Christian band.

In Lakeview cemetery, at
Cleveland, Ohio state,
He lies at rest, beloved by all,
And crowned with honors great.

* * * * *

The Fourth is Independence Day,
When Colonists were free,
And never more would be oppressed
By British tyranny.

The Mother country was unkind
Unto her children here,
And ruled them with a rod of iron,
Which they were taught to fear.

At last decided they would have
A country of their own,
And show Great Britain they would be
Entirely let alone.

Here in America they'd form
A better government,
And they'd elect George Washington,
To be their president.

And they would worship as they liked,
And vote as they saw fit;
To be the slaves of those in power,
They never would submit.

And all this country should be theirs,
Each colonist relates,
To form a **Union** evermore,
And called, United States.

They had to fight for many years,
To get the rights they claimed,
But independence came at last,
For which they all had aimed.

They had a Declaration drawn,
By Thomas Jefferson,
And had their laws all written down,
And signed by every one.

This was in seventeen seventy-six,
In July, on fourth day,
And one to be remembered, too,
Forever and for aye.

They had a ruler they could love,
The Stars and Stripes to wave,
O'er all this glorious land of theirs,
They'd fought so hard to save.

Americans now celebrate,
The Fourth day of July,
With cannons, guns, and all such things,
And tell the reason why.

It seems the Britishers who live
Across the great "big pond,"
Could hear the racket that we make,
Although they don't respond.

* * * * *

'Twas founded by one Vivian,
So many years ago,
That at the present time there seems,
No dates exact to show.

But their reunion for this year,
At Denver was to be,
And was the fiftieth, we know,
Their Golden Jubilee.

And these conventions have been held
In all the cities where,
Two hundred thousand people dwell,
Or more than that are there.

At Denver in the present year,
On July twelfth they met,
The welcome that these Elks received,
They never will forget.

The entertainments they would have,
Were given for a week,
And as their program is at hand,
We'll let that booklet speak.

And July 12th on Sunday was:
From four to seven a. m.,
Reception of the officers,
And carriage rides for them.

And in the evening of that day,
Band concert at Elks Home,
Where all the Elks from everywhere,
Were always free to come.

The opening exercises that
Were for the public given,
On Monday, at 8:30 were,
Instead of early seven.

And at the Auditorium held,
An Overture by band;
And invocation offered then,
In language, sweet and grand;

And "Jolly Fellows" was the name
They gave their opening song,
And voices poured out on the air,
In accents fine and strong.

Address of welcome on behalf,
Of Colorado state,
Was given by the governor,
But which we can't relate.

And then came other lively songs,
Appropriate and good,
By gentlemen and ladies fair,
Who helped the best they could.

Address of welcome on behalf
Of Denver city, too,
Was given by the mayor there,
A gentleman most true.

Address of welcome on behalf
Of Lodge, No. Seventeen,
The two addresses, given with
The "Bugle Song" between.

Response was given on behalf
Of Grand Lodge members each,
By Grand Exalted Ruler, who
Was Brother Edward Leach.

The audience then rose to join
In singing "Auld Lang Syne."
And then the benediction came,
A blessing all divine.

On Monday, July 13th, day,
At ten a. m. till noon,
Reception for Elks' ladies held,
But ended all too soon.

And in the afternoon they had
A pleasant auto-ride,
And at El Jebel Temple with
Refreshments were supplied,

From 2 p. m. till midnight came,
Fine dancing there would be,
At Home of Elks 'twas given at
Themselves and ladies free.

And then at nearly 8 o'clock,
An Exhibition run,
By Denver Fire Department, and
Fourteenth street was on.

And delegations, too, were met,
On Monday, all day through,
By large reception, and likewise,
Escort committee, too.

For Elks by thousands did arrive,
"**Best People on the Earth,**"
From every state and city that
Had given them their birth.

And from far-off Manila, too,
In Islands Philippine,
Two members, with a banner bright,
Were there at Denver seen.

And each unto the other would,
To show his best good will,
Reach out the hand of fellowship,
With greeting, "Hello, Bill!"

And all the city was adorned,
With purple and with white,
The chosen colors of the Elks,
And was the grandest sight:

The giant elk above the arch,
Snow-white, as many are,
Was Denver's welcome to all Elks,
From nearby, and from far.

The arch, and elk upon the top,
Stood near to eighteenth street,
Of marble, or cement was made,
And finished up complete.

And all the clocks there were down-town,
Were pointing just one way,—
And it had been eleven o'clock,
Since Monday, night and day.

For Denver citizens aspired,
To make their city grand,
Their hospitality as fine
As any in the land.

And every Elk, for they have hearts,
With gratitude would fill,
And each unto the other gave
His hearty, "Hello, Bill!"

On Tuesday after 8 a. m.,
There was a massed parade,
Of many bands, down Sixteenth street,
And just one tune was played,

With all the people following,
And marching right along,
"Lest Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot,"
And humming all the song.

It seemed the spirit of the song,
Was floating in the air;
And running over with their fun,
Was every **Elk-man** there.

And every mother's son of them,
Would grin like "Sunny Jim,"
And like enough some of them were,
Related unto him;

But all of them were liked the more,
For never keeping still,
And up the street and down the street,
'Twas ever, "Hello, Bill!"

From 2 p. m. till midnight came
Was dancing at Elks' Home,
And free to Elks, and all their mates,
As many as would come.

In afternoon and evening, too,
Was given at Lakeside,
An entertainment for all Elks,
Who did not there abide.

On Wednesdaw, and at 10 a. m.,
All drill teams had a lark,
That entered in the great contest,
At "Broadway, Baseball park."

At 2 p. m. a baseball game,
A double-header, too,
Denver vs. St. Joseph played,
And worked as players do.

At 2:30 in the afternoon,
All Lodges of the state,
That could compete for prizes would,
Thereby participate.

A new Exalted Ruler, too,
Each year is voted in,
The last was Mr. Edward Leach,
Now, Raymond Benjamin.

On Wednesday afternoon and eve,
Would be a great parade,
Of autos, decorated fine,
As they could well be made,

And finely trimmed they were without,
And lighted up within,
They made a brilliant sight, indeed,
As down the streets they'd spin.

And thousands of electric lights,
Lit up the buildings grand,
And made the city all about,
Look just like Fairyland.

On Thursday, 16th, 10 a. m.,
Would be the grandest parade,
Of all Elk Lodges in the place,
With bands accompanied:

The line of march lay all along,
The finest streets in town,
And near or quite nine thousand Elks,
Paraded up and down.

The march continued for two hours,
And Elks were all arrayed,
In uniforms unique and fine,
And twenty-five bands played.

Two hundred fifty thousand of
Spectators, too, were there,
To take in everything they could,
Of what was grand and rare.

The streets all decorated were,
And lined from end to end,
With cheering crowds, and each one was,
To every Elk a friend.

Miss Denver did her very best,
As such a lady would,
To show her hospitality
To "Bill," so hale and good.

Four glittering miles of bands there were,
And marching companies,
And Drill Teams passing down the streets,
To entertain and please;

The Stars and Stripes were waving with
The Purple and the White,
And every heart was running o'er,
With pleasure and delight.

Not every year does Denver have,
A chance to show such mirth,
As on this one she's shown unto,
"**Best People on the Earth.**"

On Friday, and the closing day,
Official Elks had planned,
For an excursion o'er the hills,
That would be **mighty grand.**

They'd see the famous "Moffat Road,"
And at Corona stop,—
A region of perpetual snow,
Of all the world, the top.

To show the Elks there visiting,
From every far-off state,
What Colorado had to see,—
What wonders to relate.

And now the drill teams we will name,
Which many prizes won,—
And San Francisco got the first,
A very handsome one,

And Captain F. M. Warren was
The Elk who was in charge,
A strong and well proportioned one,
With antlers fine and large.

And Oakland won the second prize,
In charge of Captain Hunt,
Who with his colors, always stood,
So faithful at the front.

And Boulder, Colorado state,
Came off with prize the third,
And Captain Withy was in charge,—
A good Elk in the herd.

Best decorated business house
In Denver city, won
First prize, four hundred dollars was,
Some profit, and some fun.

And prizes, too, were offered for
The most attractive float,—
The Utah, winning prize the first,
Which was of greatest note.

And Arkansas the second won,
And Cheyene got the third,
First prize, two hundred fifty cash,
And so on down, we've heard.

But contests were so numerous,
We can but give a few,
Or name the prizes that were won,
Or we would ne'er get through.

A prize for best appearance given,
When marching in parade,
Of course the tall, good looking ones,
A better showing made.

And Detroit, Mich., won prize the first,
And Rochester, N. Y.,
Won second, which they'd ever keep,
To just remember by.

And San Francisco got the third,
Not jealous for a minute,
But glad to be in the parade,
And have a showing in it.

A prize for uniform also,
The one the most unique,—
Cheyenne, Wyoming, won first prize,
And of it, let them speak.

Howata, Oklahoma state,
The second one received,
And Salt Lake City won the third,
And thereby was not grieved.

The tallest Elk a prize would win,
The shortest one, also;
The fattest Elk among them all,
The leanest one, ditto.

Each prize would be in jewelry,
Worth dollars, twenty-five,
Which they will keep as souvenirs,
As long as they're alive.

All cities like the Elks to come,
Yet all they cannot please,
But they will meet another year,
In fair Los Angeles.

At Portland, Oregon, it seems,
In nineteen twelve they met,
The first time in the far northwest,
And which they won't forget.

The Order has a membership
That will forever thrive,
In thousands it is numbered now,
Four hundred twenty-five.

They may not ever have again,
A "Golden Jubilee,"
But in just five and twenty years,
A Diamond 'twill be.

* * * * *

First Lodge of Masons that there was,
In history doth appear,
Established in America,
In seventeen thirty year.

Its origin if legends are
To be depended on,
Could be traced back unto the days,
Of wise King Solomon.

The fundamental principles,
Of Masonry, we learn,
Is firm belief in Providence,
While here they shall sojourn.

Acceptance of the Book of Laws,
The Bible for their guide,
And practice good morality,
Wherever they abide.

No lodge can ever opened be,
Although with offered prayer,
Unless an open Bible lies,
Upon the altar there.

They are expected, too, to aid,
A brother in distress,
His widow and his orphan child,
If means they do possess.

And secrecy has been required
Of every member, too,
Which makes far more impressive, all
The duties he must do.

There're fifty-seven grand lodges now,
In all America,—
That is, in the United States,
As well as Canada.

There're thirty-eight grand lodges of
The colored Masons, too,
In these two countries, and much good
Do white and colored do.

An Independent Order, or
A large society,
And in Manchester, England, their
Hearquarters used to be.

Some time in eighteen nineteen year,
In history it's claimed,
That it was introduced into
This country, as was aimed,—

And branch societies were formed,
Later in Canada,
Australia, and New Zealand, too,
And South America.

There is a branch for women now,—
Some kind of a degree,
And as "Rebekahs" they are known
In good society.

The number of Odd Fellows now
In Canada and States,
Is near a million and a third,
So history relates.

* * * * *

And at Seattle every year,
As each one passes by,
There is the "Potlatch Festival"
Near middle of July.

And in the Chinook language, too,
Word Potlatch means a gift,
Seattle's own thank-offering,
For riches and for thrift.

Her definition of the word
Expands from time to time,
To show her gratitude so great,
For such a glorious clime,

And for all this she celebrates,
Year eighteen ninety-seven,
When steamship Portland sailed down with
First load of gold then given;

And from Alaska it had come,
The Northland far away,
Into Seattle harbor came,
On July, seventeenth day,

So it is right with history,
The Golden Potlatch should,
Have a reproduction of
That event, great and good;

And the arrival of this ship
In some Seattle bay,
The opening feature always is
Of Potlatch, on that day.

And with the gold-ship, comes likewise,
The fairy story round
Which all the Potlatch pageantry,
Will evermore abound;

When Hyas Tyee, noted chief,
That o'er the rest preside,
Comes down to visit brethren white,
Who live in "great outside."

And brings with him his people all,—
Five tribes of them will be,
And by their totems will be known,
Each curious family tree.

He's greeted by Seattle, and
Her people fine and grand,
And shows to them his way of life,
And folk-lore of his band.

And for all this she offers him,
The picturesque instead,
Shows battleships and totem-poles,
Airship for each dog-sled.

Upon this basis doth progress
This Potlatch feast of fame,
For full six days when "Tyee" leaves,
For land from whence he came.

And every hour was crowded full
Of pleasures most unique,
For thousands came from everywhere,
And wished to stay a week.

To see the great parade they have,
In dress Alaskans wore,
And lovely shells adorning floats,
From off Pacific shore.

A day devoted to the Elks
So jolly and so gay,
Who marched with other orders, too,
Upon Fraternal Day.

And there was everything to see,
That ever was worth while,
And all the week on every face,
There was the sweetest smile.

And music from so many bands,
And all were playing free,
So there was much to hear, as well
As there was much to see.

Seattle folks can entertain
A thousand, well as one,
And in her hospitality,
Has never been outdone.

So every year when summer comes,
Near middle of July,
Just think about the Potlatch Feast,
And where it is, and why.

* * * * **

The birthstone for July we know,
Is not a gem of wealth,
But represents what's better far,—
Cornelian, meaning health.

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